

A Quiet Night

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/80201531) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/80201531>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Multi
Fandoms:	Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles - All Media Types , Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles (Bay Movies)
Relationship:	Raphael (TMNT)/Reader
Characters:	Raphael (TMNT) , Reader
Additional Tags:	Reader-Insert , Established Relationship , No Use of Y/N for Reader-Insert , Mild Hurt/Comfort , Comfort , Fluff , Gender-Neutral Reader-Insert , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Pet Names , POV Second Person , Soft Raphael (TMNT) , Not Beta Read , Cuddling & Snuggling
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-25 Words: 898 Chapters: 1/1

A Quiet Night

by [ThatOneDinoNerd](#)

Summary

After a rough day, you come home and received much needed comfort. As always self-indulgent because I want to use a turtle titty as a pillow.

Your bag dropped with a loud thud. The echo bounced off the damp walls of the Lair, followed by the soft shuffle of your dragging feet. Your whole body felt like you were walking through molasses. Your balance stumbles through the common room. Walking down a hallway and nearly tripping over Mikey's non-rocket skateboard, you push past the deep velvet curtains into Raphael's room.

His room smells of a sweet cinnamon, which warms your soul. The old street signs that he stole are nailed to his wall reflecting the light of a warm lamp you clicked on by his bed. With a sigh, you flop onto the California king bed. Raph wasn't in it, unfortunately. He did mention a patrol tonight, so not unexpected that he's still out saving the city or whatever.

Tonight, you could really use the company. The day was rough. With constant stress and never-ending anxiety, today kicked your ass. You curl up in the huge red comforter and turn to your phone for entertainment. You end up scrolling through countless posts and videos, numbing your brain in a negative way. An hour passes. You grunt in frustration and face the memory of the shitty day head on.

And it's all too much. The world feels like it collapsed on your shoulders and the one person you want is out on a mission! Your eyes begin to tear up, and your lip quivers when you try to blink your eyes dry.

You just want Raph. You just want to hold him and he holds you. His comforting touch and his soothing voice would mean the world right now. Sobbing into your hands, you re-live the awful tension and nerves of the day. Luckily, your body decides when enough is enough, as you slip into unconsciousness.

In the dreamy state between sleep and wakefulness, the side of the bed dipping heavy and hands sliding up your body jump you awake.

"Easy, Hon, it's just me." Raph hushes as his arms drag you into his embrace. He props you up on his thigh and with a clumsy flop he has you where he wants you. Resting your head on his chest, an arm wraps around the small of your back while his free hand brushes your bed-headed hair.

Your arms find a comfortable spot on his plastron, and you sigh into his body. The drum of his heartbeat drowns out any lingering negativity in your mind. With each stroke of your head he tames the wild emotions the day brought on. He is so soothing. He is so warm and soft, just for you. Raphael's hand pets your cheek when your hair begins to untangle and he notices something,

"Have you been crying?" He whispers. His thumb lifts your chin, meeting his eyes. You draw a shaky breath and cheeks flush. God damn it, he can read you like a book. You let out a pathetic hiccup as he tightens his hug around you.

"What happened? Are you ok? Honey, what's wrong?" He asks as you cry into his shoulder. Raph brushes away a lock of hair, cupping your face. You sniffle wetly and meet his gaze, he

has the most concerned expression across his features. “Oh, Honey...” He kisses your forehead as your sorrow restarts.

Your tears slide down and drip onto him. You press your cheek against his collarbone as you sob. The soothing circles he rubs into your back get the rest of your emotion out in the open. He hums a warm tune as you wipe your eyes.

“Do you wanna talk about it?” Shaking your head, you snake your arms around his neck and squeeze him impossibly close. “Hon?”

Raph pulls back, making eye contact. His emotion changes from warm concern to alert scanning of your face.

“Do I have to beat tha shit out of someone?” He says with a perfectly straight and stern face.

Your laugh bubbles throughout the room. Raph’s sharp expression instantly melts. He joins your giggling, the crows feet you gave him deepening as you both share the moment. When your amusement settles, his forehead bumps against your own.

“Ok, ok... maybe later I’ll kick some ass.”

“Yea, not right now.” You smile. Like a puzzle piece, your body nestles back into Raphael. His heartbeat thumps through his chest, making the world seem like a distant place outside of this bedroom. “I want to be here forever, with you.”

“You have no idea how much I want to spend every second of every day with you. I am so fuckin’ lucky to love you, Sweetheart.” He brushes your cheekbone softly while admiring your eyes. Hazel and green dance behind his mask beautifully. Raph’s pupils slowly dilate. “I never want you to be sad, I love you too much... I know I can’t protect you all of the time, but I will go through hell before I let you get hurt.”

You hum a response and cup his jaw, pulling him down into a soft kiss. His hand moves to the back of your head, deepening the touch. Raph gently flips you on your back, interlocking your fingers as your lips dance together. He does wonders for your chaotic mind. Just his presence soothes all worries of the outside world. With Raphael, nothing else matters. Nothing can hurt either of you. For this moment, everything is right.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!